



PS

3525

.O748 H6

1916

Author

Title

Imprint





HOUSES
OF CLAY
DON MORRISON



That, that makes us greater .
Than our body's dust,
Is the Soul that prays
Within its House of Clay.

To Elbert Hubbard

Deeply I remember one walk with you,
And once I played a simple air, you cried:
Those two times I knew you
And always since have loved you.

Oberlin, 1916

Don Morrison

L. Morrison, Donor

Houses of Clay



50 Cents the Copy

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N. Y.

PS 3525
.0748 H6
1916

COPYRIGHT, 1916,
BY THE ROYCROFTERS

JAN -2 1917

©CLA456666

No. 1.

Contents



FAITH.....	Page 11
THE CRUCIFIX.....	" 13
THE CRUCIBLE.....	" 15
QUEST.....	" 17
Morning.....	" 19
Noon.....	" 21
Evening.....	" 23
VIRTUE.....	" 25
SIMPLE AVEU.....	" 27
NOCTURNE.....	" 29
MAN AND WOMAN	" 31
IN THE NIGHT.....	" 33
THE GIFT OF PAIN.....	" 35
LOVE AND LIFE.....	" 37
YESTERDAYS.....	" 39
LA VOYAGEUR.....	" 41
WHO ARE THE BLIND?.....	" 43
OPTIMISTS.....	" 45

Faith



GROW day by day
as the Rose unfolds
Nor care to know
nor reason all:
Content to fill
each petal fair
With God's sweet
Fragrance, everywhere.



The Crucifix



SOMETIMES I come and
Stand beneath the Cross
And look into Your eyes
So sadly gazing down:
And that which seemed
Unbearable Pain,
Becomes as nothing
To that You bear.

The thing I would have
Prayed of You I leave unsaid,
For by Your need my own
Seems such a mite of woe:
And yet I know within
Your heart You heard,
For in Your eyes are all the
Love and longing of a World.



The Crucible



NOT on broad Mountain-Heights
But out of the deep of Valleys
Comes Truth Divine:
Never kissed is the hand that strikes,
For Servility is No-man's God:
Yet blows bring Truth untold
While caress yields only caress.

Not some vast, fertile Plain
But a jagged Crater's mouth
Belching its roaring might:
Deep within hurl each Human wish,
Each trembling Rose of Desire:
And as their smoke flings upward
Know at last Earth's Verities.

Gentle, yielding Flowers ; Fields, Trees,
Vast Sky-loft and endless living Seas:
These shall know and speak to you,
For they transcend the realm of Self:
And all you believe, all you defend,
Shall learn of them
Where Love and Wisdom meet.



Quest

THE first breath, the last,
And all that lies between:
Whatever we have to give or take
Comes to us by Quest.

The Lives, Laws, Precepts,
Which we assume, these
Are the Foods of growth:
Desire is the Water of Life.



Morning



DARK, the myriad Earth-Host
Is moving 'neath the Dark and Light:
For each one, full-timed,
Quest prepares the table with Food
And starts out to fill the Jug of Life.

Quest Calling:

“ With Lust or Love
Shall I fill his cup:
With Passion or with Praying,
Who 'll lead to the Living Stream?

“ Deep in the chaos of moving feet
Someone there in the moving Host
Is calling and answering this one's need:
Who 'll bind the loosened thread of Fate? ”



Noon



ACQUIRING fair Freedom's estate
And reasoning living perfect, so,
And paid, the price,
Ever plenty the Food lies ready,
Full is the Jug from the Wells of Lust.

Quest Calling :

“ Over the pathless Field,
On, through the Starless Night,
With beating Heart, and falt'ring step,
Who 'll leave the echoing tread of millions?

“ Out into rolling Meadows,
On, to distant Foot-Hills:
Up the rugged side of Life,
Who 'll step aside the smooth-worn way? ”



Evening



HEAPING high the Passionate Fires
And casting within the Seed of Life,
And seen, the gray-dead Ash,
Ever now the Food lacks salt,
Stale is the water from the Jug of Life.

Quest Calling:

“ Without the pathless Night,
Sure on the smooth-worn way,
With Loving Heart and unfalt’ring step,
Who hears in the echoing tread of millions?

“ Far past the flashing heights of Fame,
To the tear-dimmed Rock of Ages:
Whose the hand, whose the voice,
Who is God’s messenger to lead the way? ”



Virtue



HLONE, on a Sea of hands,
Hands of Men,
Like hounds pursuing:
As Mothers first see
Their new-born babe,
And the Dying last look
On the One they Love,
So he, silent, adoring,
Beheld Her.



Simple Aveu



IF I do not seek Thee now,
Who are so rare, so good,
Think me not slow to know,
Nor cautious, nor cold:

Believe some deeper Flower
Is lifting in the Soul
That bids me by its radiant beauty
A Selfless reverence yield.

If I can not claim Thee now
Who are so fair in Virtue's eyes,
Think of the depths we go
Not heeding, nor cold:

Yet these same depths are lifting
In the Soul this wondrous Flower
That tells me in its clearest beauty
A Selfless Love to learn.

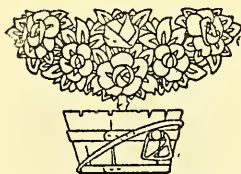


Nocturne



SOFT the Sea is breathing, dear,
Dim the Night-light folds about:
In the waters Stars are resting,
On your breast a child is sleeping.

Far the lights are passing, dear, .
Low the voiceless Tides commune:
In the harbor ships are lying,
In your Heart a life is loving.



Man and Woman



IT is the Love of the Woman for the Man that keeps her:
No matter how wonderful the Love of the Man for her,
How deep, how tender; unless she have her own Love
for him,
He can not hold, nor can she stay.

The Love of the Woman for the Man is supreme:
Even if he have not a great Love in his Heart,
Her power of Loving is superhuman, and she can both
Hold and keep, if she so desire.



In the Night



I WALKED the upper deck
And saw the hurled-up black smoke
Leaping, lifting among the Stars,
Sweeping back to kiss the Sea:

And as it mingled with the waters
I thought of all the untold years it waited
Blindly waited for the hand that freed it,
For the fires that gave it Birth.

I have touched your lips
And seen the up-flung Soul awake,
Inspiring, revealing in Deathless beauty
The face of a woman Loved and Loving:

And as I looked upon its glory
I thought of all the ages we had waited,
Continents, races, lives between,
And the wondrous, Eternal Law of Love.



The Gift of Pain



THE sabres of a regiment
Plunge into my living body,
Bring the interminable moment
Of their onward rush:
In vigor and Life,
Young years facing Death,
Give me the full Pain of dying
That I may know for Immortal Time
How great it is to Live,
How precious the Love of a Woman,
How sacred the Gift of her cherishing.



Love and Life



SOME fight and smile, nor fear the thrust
That puts them by and brings to them
The gift of Death:
Yet Life is all so dear to me,
I cling to it, and will not let it go.

Some Love and smile, nor care the hour
When Love goes by the other way
And looks for newer Loves:
Yet You I can not, will not leave,
For You are Love and Life itself.



Yesterdays




SHE sails away in a stately Ship
Into the red of the burning West
On to the golden Sun:
She 's gone along with the rising Tide
On to the Land of Far Away
Over the crimson Sea.

I gaze, alone, on the dying shore
Into the red of a full-blown Rose
Kissed by the lips I Love:
For I go along with the falling Night
Back to the Land of Everyday,
Over the singing rails.



La Voyageur



WITH my left hand to the North
I've sailed to the edge of the East
While back of the ship for a day and a night
The white gulls sped at the stern.
And then for days and many nights
I've been with the Skies and the Seas,
Alone, and far from the land I sought,
With never a sign of Life.

And yet in the darkest hour of night
I've heard the scream of the gulls,
And with the morning I've seen them flying,
Hailing the good ship home.
And though no land was yet in sight
I knew by these white-winged birds,
The land I sought was drawing near
And the lips of the one I Loved.

With my right hand to the North
I've come to the edge of the West:
Down to the red-gold setting Sun
I've sped with the full-lived years.
The white gulls cluster above my head,
The land is just beyond:
The God I have sought is waiting there,
And the Life of the one I Love.

Who Are The Blind?



Tap, tap: O mother, look
At the old, old man with a stick.
Click, click: how fast he walks,
And mother, where are his eyes?

(I 've seen them go, and wondered,
They were so straight and sure:
While brothers, with wide open eyes,
And light, moved groping in the dark.)

Tap, tap: he 's blind you say,
My mother, that old, old man.
Click, click: O mother, dear,
And why does he not have eyes?

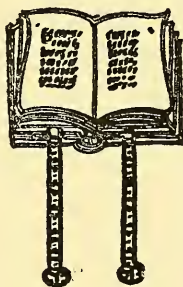
(I 've seen the dead walk in the streets,
And the dead, so living, still in death:
And I have wondered, and wonder,
Why we all of us can not see.)



Optimists



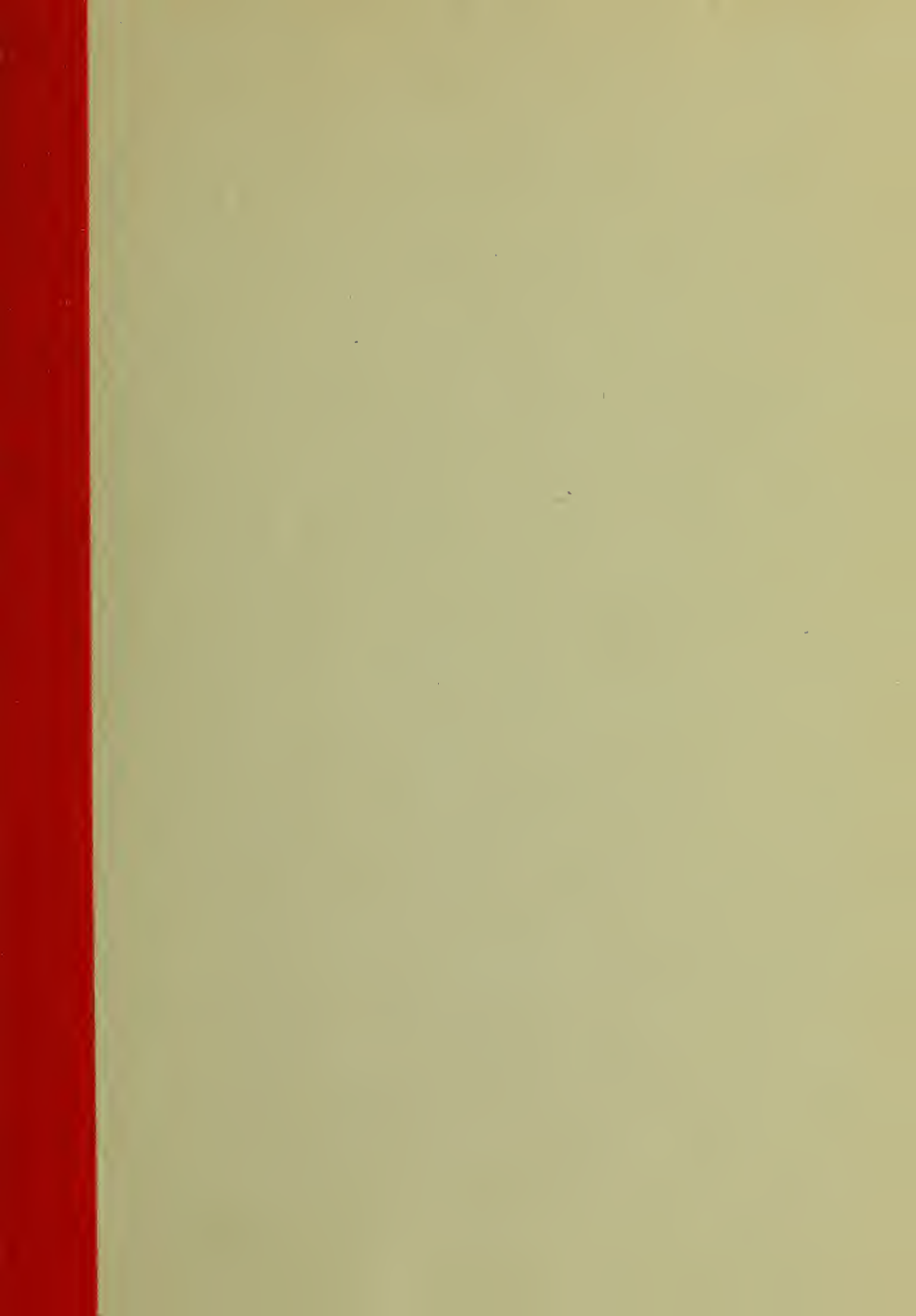
IF Pain were not past Pleasure recalled,
And Humour never mended an ill:
If the most of Woman was bad, not good,
And Heaven and Hell did n't coincide:
Only then, we 'll admit, we 'd be sad.



Turn never scorn on Life that kissed you.
What e'er the badinage of Sex may build,
Forget the striving, keep forever sweet the Love.



Printed by
THE ROYCROFTERS
at their Print Shop
which is located in
East Aurora
New York



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 909 671 3

